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HAYTI, MISSOURI

By C. S. YORK

The story we are about to tell—the story of Hayti, Missouri—sounds like a fairy tale. Twenty-three years ago the site upon which Hayti stands, was the Hayes and Oates farms. Surrounding these was a scattered settlement. A few acres here and there were in cultivation. Only the highest lands were tilled. Ninety-percent of the territory was an unbroken forest, filled lakes, lagoons and swamps. Blind roads, from settlement to settlement, ran through canebrakes, and the overlapping branches of the tall trees shut out the sun. Wild animals ran at will across the way. Wildcats and wolves frequently scampered into the jungles with a threatening growl, at the approach of man; deer ran away only to look back with startled, staring eyes, as if ashamed to be afraid; now and then, a black bear, taken by surprise, with a startled snort, lunged into the tangled undergrowth, and tore a new trail for those who cared to follow. The lakes and bayous were the home of many a fowl of strange feather, and the waters were filled with most every species of the finny tribe. Under these con-

warmed one-room, log built homes, a soggy, blue smoke lazily curled up and mingled into the deep shade of towering trees. But the wants of the people were few and they were happy. Most everybody had the chills and a bottle of quinine. If they didn't have one or both they were not considered good livers, nor good providers. There were no screens upon the doors and windows, and the mosquitoes saw that no one suffered with a surplus of blood. Those who objected to having their skins made a sieve of by these myriads of pestiferous insects, combatted them with smokes and smudges that filled the lungs to suffocation. When night came, those who did not sleep under mosquito netting did not sleep at all.

These statements, of course, refer mainly to the backwoods district, but most of the districts were backwoods, then, churches and schools were few and far between. On the Hayes farm where now sits Hayti there was a little one-room school building, at which school was taught a few months in the year. Preaching was also held once a month. Gayoso was the county seat, and

farm.

Levees, drainage canals and railroads were practically unthought of. Those who did speak of such things were called dreamers and fanatics, or were looked upon as harmless sort of imbecils.

Then came a change. As if touched with a magic wand, the face of nature was transformed. Aladdin with his wonderful Arabian lamp, could not have worked greater wonders than did Louis Houck, when he brought his railroad from the Cotton Belt through the Little swamp, stretched it across the Hayti ridge, and tied it to the Mississippi at Caruthersville.

But before the railroad, came the levee. That was the beginning. Had it not been for the levee there would have been no railroads, no drainage canals, no highly improved farms, no broad, smooth highways. There would have been no wheat fields, no broad acres of alfalfa Hayti would have been a small forest and lake surrounded, field, as it was, instead of a city of nearly 3,000 people as it is today. Instead of the \$25,000 public school building we have now today, there would have been the little

ed; there are only a few birds to be found, but there are fishing waters to supply all requirements for sport.

Our people are as healthy, happy and prosperous, as people are anywhere upon this big, roaring, rushing giddy traffic—mad world.

Lands that could be bought for \$1.50 an acre, now, when for sale at all, brings from \$100.00 to \$200.00. Instead of small patches, and log huts with mud chimneys, the scene stretches away to the horizon, a dazzling picture of modernized agriculture, with barns, silos and farm homes of commodious proportions. In stead of the blind neighborhood paths, are broad smooth high ways, over which highpowered automobiles spin, freighted with happy, prosperous people.

Twenty three years ago there was not a railroad in Pemiscot county. Today we have the main line of the great St. Louis and San Francisco system, with its branch lines, and other local lines, stretching over the land like titanic spider web. Hayti besides being on the main system, also has a line of the east and west division, and twenty-five or thirty trains pass daily. Twenty-three years ago if you wanted to go from Hayti to St. Louis, you went to Gayoso, and waited there for a boat. Night and day you peered up and down the river for sight of the steamer several days overdue. It finally came—between midnight and day—that was generally the way of it. You went aboard, and when you looked out the next morning you still found the steamer tied to the bank putting on and off freight, while the mate bellowed like an enraged bovine at the tired rousters, who roused and sang something about the Bob Lee and the Natchez. About midnight, after two or three days, the steamer, finally dumped you at the St. Louis wharf, under the shadow of the Eads bridge. If you went to Memphis, Louisville or Cincinnati, you had practically the same experience. Now if you wish to go to St. Louis you take a sleeper at 12 p. m., and eat your breakfast in that city the next morning.

A nice sweater coat will make her a nice Xmas present. Get them at Buckley's.

W. J. Moore and family of Point Pleasant have just moved to this county and rented the DeLisle farm, last year occupied by Arthur Stacey. He seems well pleased with his change of location. He was in town Tuesday and called around at this office and subscribed for the Herald.

According to the Federal census there were but 9,000 people in Pemiscot county in 1900; in 1910 there were 19,559, and according to this increase our population now is not less than 25,000.

There are on the tax books of Pemiscot county 314,345 acres of the most fertile land on the globe. The Valley of the Nile does not surpass it in fertility and productivity. The total assessed value of real and personal property in Pemiscot county, in the year 1913, was \$3,702,563. And that, of course, was three years ago, with a schedule of less than half value.

The cotton crop of Pemiscot county in 1914 was something over 23,000 bales; in 1915, about half that and it is estimated there will be 20,000 bales this year. At 20 cents a pound this looks like prosperity.

Cotton produces from a half to a bale to the acre with ordinary cultivation, but with proper attention should as easily yield two bales. Corn produces from 25 to 75 bushels per acre; wheat, 15

to 35, and from four to five crops of alfalfa hay is the usual harvest. Anything that will grow in this climate, in the way of fruits and vegetables, grow here to perfection. It is the place for the rich

1812. Her soil was made by the overflow from the Mississippi river for thousands of years, often having a depth of 200 feet consisting chiefly of alluvial deposits.

By referring to the map it will



ONE OF MANY DREDGES NEAR HAYTI.

man, as well a poor men, but idlers and drones are not wanted.

You ask why this paradise of wealth was not settled sooner. The answer is that the county had no levee protections prior to 1894, and even this was not perfected until some years later. Pemiscot county is located in the region of the earthquakes of

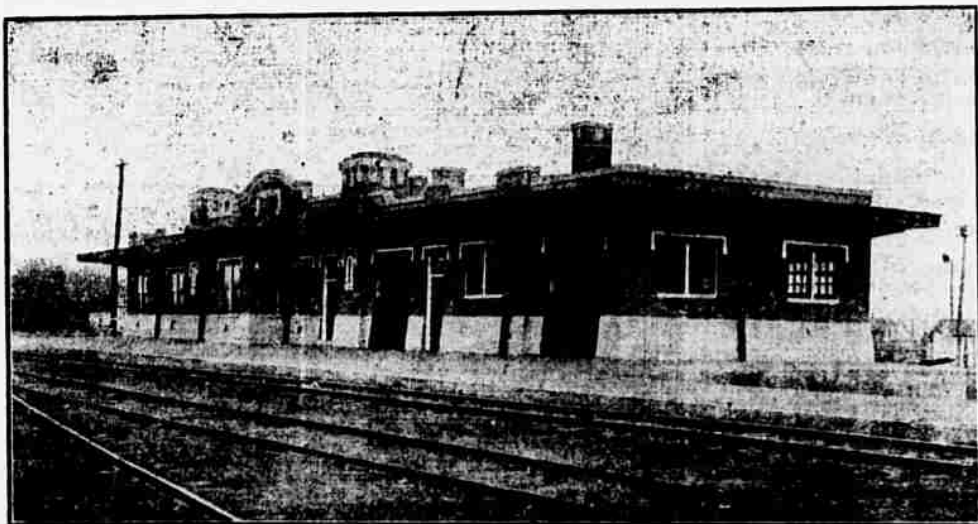
be seen that Pemiscot county is located in the extreme Southeast portion of Missouri, with the Mississippi river to the east and the St. Francis to the west, and then if you will put your pencil point upon the geographical center of this area, it will be on the dot called Hayti, the gateway to this land of golden opportunities.

A nice sweater coat will make her a nice Xmas present. Get them at Buckley's.

Oh, you good, pure home-made hog lard. It can be found at The National Cash Meat Market at 15 cents per pound. Why pay more for an inferior grade?

KAMFER KREAM

for chapped hands
Sold only at
LEFLER'S



HAYTI'S \$15,000.00 FRISCO PASSENGER STATION

ditions hunting and trapping was a leading industry. Many were satisfied if they had a ten-acre farm, with a one room log cabin on it, two coon-dogs and half a dozen steel traps. A scent, which only the primeval woods yield, and which only the pioneer citizens knows, filled the air with a heavy miasmatic breath. From the stick and dirt chimneys that

Hayti was on the county road. That was about the only advantage the locality had over other neighborhoods.

Land, on the average, was worth from \$1.50 to \$25.00 per acre. More was to be had at the latter price than at the former. A good coon dog was considered worth more than a small

one-room school house and church combined; instead of a hundred, or more business concerns, electric lights, miles of granitoid walks, with beautiful tree-lined residential streets, abutted with hundreds and hundreds of velvety lawns, leading out from the doorways of numerous palatial homes, there would have been the narrow little field across which some plowman would have driven his mule, sat upon the fence at the end of the row, while a fox squirrel would have chattered his disapproval of the encroachment of the pale-face upon his domain.

The deep, dank forest has fallen before the woodman's axe; the far reaches of green-faced, stagnant lakes have been tapped and drained by the steam dipper dredge; instead of the yellow floods which poured over the lands in the spring-time, or whenever they would, the sunlight spreads in waves of life-giving warmth; the quinine bottle, the mosquito netting all analogous and inseparable, have automatically departed to the lands of things that were, practically all the big game has also disappear-

Keep Out the Cold
Keep In the Warmth

Then get

GLASS

at

Dr. Trautmann's Drug Store
Hayti, Mo.

Satisfied customers our best advertisement.

WE THANK YOU

For your Patronage in the years that are past; and especially the year that is nearing its close, which has been the best one yet for us.

OUR STORE SERVICE

means courteous, prompt and thoughtful dealing. It means putting the customers' interest first and keeping them to your satisfaction.

Wishing you just a real Christmas with those you hold dear, And a twelve months of Plenty next year.

BUCKLEY'S